

A wise man adapts himself to circumstances, as water does to the vessel that contains it.

Who can fully realize the strength of parental affection, without experiencing it? and even then, who can describe it?

Grief, smothered, preys upon the vitals; give it vent into the bosom of a friend.

Nothing is of any service, that does not help to re-unite the soul to God.

Our Lord does not say—if a man see a miracle, he shall know that my doctrine is from God: but, “if any man will do my will.”

There is not, in this life of ours,

One bliss unmixed with fears;

The hope, that wakes our deepest powers,

A face of sadness wears;

And the dew, that shows o’er dearest flowers

Is the bitter than dew of tears.

Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service, and pays the bitterest wages: its service is to watch the success of a rival; its wages—to be sure of it.

Hence, jealousy; thou fatal lying fiend,

Thou false seducer of our hearts, begone.

Johnson.

So-called Catholics who still “don’t see the necessity” of parochial schools will find small comfort in the recent report of Mr. W. T. Harris, of the National Educational Bureau. That gentleman states officially that the graduates of parochial schools lead in the entrance examinations of high schools normal schools and colleges, as well as the government academies of Annapolis and West Point. Yet, observes an Exchange, in face of such testimony there are a few misguided Catholics who stubbornly insist on the superiority of the public school,